

be very comfortable. I get so full of it I forget who I am, and have not time to be homesick. I make five visits a day, teach sewing in their homes and visit the old and sick. I get much comfort from Miss Simms. As soon as I can I will subscribe again for your paper. Would be glad to have a visit from you. I have a company room. The big bugs of the mill have been most kind to me in every way.

A PRAYING POLICEMAN.

I had occasion the other day to go down to the police headquarters. I passed into the office of the probation officer. He is a man of fifty and has a kindly face. When you have studied his face for a moment, you know that he is a Christian man, for, somehow, what we are gets stamped on our faces sooner or later.

There were several women and children of the poorer classes in his office. They had come to tell him of their troubles. They had troubles enough. At last all had gone but one woman. She had a very good face. Probably she had seen better days. But her clothes were a bit threadbare and her feet were practically on the ground. I was on the other side of the room and was not supposed to hear, but I could not help it. She was married and had one little child. But her husband neglected her and was often cruel. He made good wages, but spent nearly all he made for his own sinful pleasures and brought very little home for the support of his family. Worst of all, he was unfaithful to her. It was a pitiful tale. The big-hearted policeman sat perfectly silent until she was through. And then what do you suppose he said? "Sister, are you a Christian?" I had to take my bearings again to see whether I was in police headquarters or at church. She assured him that she was and that she was a member of the Methodist church. Then he said: "You go home and do your duty as best you can, and lay this whole thing before your God in prayer; that is all that you can do just now, and I believe he will make it all right. In the meantime I will go at once and see your husband and talk the whole matter over with him and tell him he must do right, and if he doesn't, I will most certainly make a case out against him."

What a fine combination of faith and works! The little woman got up and brushed the tears away, and it seemed to me that there was a new light in her eye.

I must follow up that case and see what happens. Surely nothing but good can come. What a splendid opportunity God gives to a policeman for doing good! I had not thought of it before. If they would all seize the opportunity as this man did, this would be a far happier world. I find that my praying policeman is also a Presbyterian policeman. He is a member in mighty good standing in one of the Presbyterian churches of Atlanta.

W. L. L.

PICKED UP BY THE PERIPATETIC.

It has been the fortune of the writer during the last few months to spend much time in "going to and fro in the earth." (Job 1:7. With profound apologies to the speaker and with an earnest hope that the reader will not confuse the writer with the speaker), especially among "the Sons of God"; and as he has walked "up and down" among them he has heard and seen and considered several things. Of some of them he purposes to write from time to time. Here is one:

Upon one occasion he fell in with a prominent layman with whom he traveled not many miles. That the reader may give the more earnest heed to what this layman said, the writer will record a little of his history and attainments. Sprung of sturdy Scotch-Irish stock he has made splendid use of his native ability and has occupied many places of usefulness and trust both in church and state. As a ruling elder he has sat in all the courts of the Presbyterian system. As a citizen he is known and honored as "Judge" and "Senator"; and in both capacities has fought valiantly for good morals and civic righteousness. The writer is no prophet, neither son of a prophet, but he boldly makes the prediction that by this time next year this man will be the Governor of one of the greatest and proudest of all our States. All honor to heroic, Christian, Godly citizenship! But to his words.

The discussion was of the Church and her needs and the writer used some such words as these: "The need of more men for the ministry is pathetic and appalling."

"Yes," he answered, "and will be till the ministry is better paid."

The writer was silent; but he asked himself very earnestly these questions: "Can it be true that I am preaching for money?" "Do men think this of the ministry?" But the speaker continued: "It is not selfishness and lack of consecration that keep many fine young men out of this noblest of all professions. By no means. Men of our age and our country want the home life with wife and children around their tables. And this is right; good Americanism, good Christianity." Then laying his hand in a fatherly way upon the author's shoulder, he said: "They don't think about hardships and privations for themselves. These they would gladly bear, but they are not willing to subject wife and children to such sacrifices." Then with glowing eyes and burning words he added emphatically, "And they are right."

Having had to say "no" to wife and little ones many a time himself the writer was silent. Can the reader imagine why? And as he was silent then, so now he has no answer to these words, but does desire to pass them on. He has no wish to say "yea" or "nay" to what he heard in this conversation, but will the reader bear these facts in mind?

The need of more men in the ministry is "pathetic and appalling." The writer knows one man, and he occupying an obscure place, who in the past nine months,

has declined as many calls and most of these fields are still vacant!

The explanation of this shortage in the supply of ministers as given above is that of a shrewd, thoughtful, observant, successful, broad-minded, cultured, well-informed, and Godly man of affairs.

The hardships and privations resulting from meager salaries of ministers must be borne by their wives and children as well as by themselves.

Does the Church of Jesus Christ desire this?
Peripatetic.

CHRISTMAS AND THE ORPHANS.

Christmas, the time of year when every one is supposed to be happy and in a charitable mood, is upon us, and many are planning and making great preparations for the happy occasion. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends, are all interested in finding out the desires of loved ones, and are endeavoring to see them met. But there are a great many in our land who have no one near and dear to them, to remember them and make them happy by fulfilling their desires, prominent among whom are the orphan children scattered over the country and gathered in our various homes.

Shall these fatherless little ones, who have no one to care for them, but whom Jesus loves and claims as His own, be forgotten and neglected at this time by a charitable public? Shall they be neglected and not made happy on this day of happiness, which commemorates the birth of him who brought "peace on earth and good will to men?" Surely not if we would meet his approval who said "If ye do good to them who do good to you, and lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners do even the same. Do good hoping for nothing again, and your reward will be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest." In the prophecies he also tells us, "Is not this the fast (feast) that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him? If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday, and the Lord shall guide thee continually and satisfy thy soul in drought." Hear him again, by the Apostle, saying, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," etc. Surely, in view of these statements, God's people will not forget these fatherless and destitute little ones, but will make an offering that will cheer their sad little hearts. We plead especially for the seventy-three little ones gathered in the Southwestern Home at Files, Texas, that they be remembered with gifts of money, clothing, groceries, toys, fruit, candy, etc. and that the same be sent to the undersigned at Itasca, Hill county, Texas.

Jas. D. McLean.